

# THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

ROBERT H. MILLER,

"Willing to Praise but not Afraid to Blame."

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

VOLUME 2.

LIBERTY, CLAY COUNTY, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, JULY 10, 1847.

NUMBER 15.

THE WEEKLY TRIBUNE.

PUBLISHED BY  
ROBERT H. MILLER.

For a single copy one year, or 52 numbers,  
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Correspondence of the Tribune.

MATAMORAS, JUNE 8th, 1847.

MR. EDITOR:

On Thursday the 6th May  
the Army advanced into the State of Duran-  
go as far as the Rio Cerro Gordo. This river  
terminates in Laguna de Jacco. The fol-  
lowing day we arrived at the out post, Pa-  
layo, where our advance had the previous  
day taken some horses and a few Mexican  
soldiers. This small military station is about  
one league from the town of Jarillo, which is  
now entirely deserted on account of the de-  
predations and incursions of the Camanches.  
Since 1835 the Indians have encroached upon  
the frontiers of Mexico and laid waste ma-  
ny flourishing settlements, waging a predato-  
ry warfare, and leading women and children  
into captivity. In fact the whole of Mex-  
ico is a frontier. An elevated Table Plain  
extends from the gulf of Mexico to the foot  
of the Cordillera, intersected by innumera-  
ble ranges of mountains, and clustering, iso-  
lated and conical-shaped peaks, invariably in-  
fested by bands of savages, and still fiercer  
Mexican banditti. No effort of the Mexican  
Government has been able to suppress and  
oust these ruthless invaders of the country.

At Palayo some of the men killed a few  
beavers, pigs and chickens belonging to the  
Mexicans and feasted upon them at night. I  
mention this circumstance, because it is the  
first time I ever witnessed any thing of the  
kind in the Regiment; and lest other writers  
should furnish the public with a dark picture  
of this affair I will state that the general con-  
duct of this branch of the Army has been ex-  
emplary, and that, in this instance, there was  
much to palliate the offence. The regiment  
had been marched at the rate of 35 or 40  
miles per day, over a dusty, desert country,  
almost entirely destitute of water. Most of  
the men had not had a pound of meat for  
the last three days. Besides the exigency of  
the case the State of Durango was at that very  
moment in arms against us. I ask if the most  
scrupulous moral man in Missouri will de-  
nounce his son as a thief and a robber, be-  
cause, after travelling more than 3,000 miles  
by land and having spent the last cent of his  
slender resources for bread, coldly neglected  
by his government, he found it necessary to  
kill an ox or a pig to satisfy hunger, or should  
think proper to mount himself on a Mexican  
horse, in a country which the prowess of his  
own arm had been instrumental in subduing.  
It is one thing for the philosopher to sit in his  
studio and spin out his finely drawn meta-  
physical doctrines, and another, and entirely  
different thing, to put them in practice under  
every adverse circumstance. What is most  
beautiful in theory is not always wisest in  
practice.

On the 8th the command reached the Ha-  
cienda, Cadenas, 24 miles from Palayo.  
Here we obtained the first information of  
Genl Scott's great victory at Sierra Gordo.  
At such welcome tidings a thrilling sensation  
of joy pervaded our camp. Here we took  
possession of another piece of cannon, a one  
pounder, which, although well mounted, Col.  
Doniphan restored to the inhabitants. On  
the 9th, a march of 22 miles brought us to  
the city of Mapimi, which had steadily man-  
ifested the greatest hostility to the Americans.  
This is a mining town. It has five furnaces  
for smelting silver ore and one for smelting  
lead ore. It is one of the richest towns in  
the State, excepting the capital. The Mex-  
ican forces, 3,000 strong, fled from Mapimi  
and Durango upon our approach, and left the  
state completely in our power, had General  
Wood permitted us to visit the capital.  
Genl. Heredia, and Governor Ochoa of Du-  
rango, wrote to Santa Anna to send them 20  
pieces of cannon and 5,000 regular troops, or  
the State of Durango would immediately fall  
into the hands of Col. Doniphan's regiment if  
he saw proper to direct his march against it.  
Upon our arrival at Mapimi we obtained more  
intelligence of the victory of the American  
forces over the Mexicans at Sierra  
Gordo, in honor of which a national salute of  
82 guns was fired by Weightman's battery.  
Here also a copy of Gov. Ochoa's proclama-  
tion was found, in which he earnestly exor-  
cised the inhabitants of Durango never to cease  
warring until they had repelled the "North  
American invaders" from the soil of Mexico.  
This day's march had been excessively hot  
and suffocating, and of course extremely se-  
vere upon the sick. Just before reaching

Mapimi, 2d Lieutenant Stephen Jackson, of  
Howard, died of an inveterate attack of Ty-  
phoid Fever. Lt. Jackson was taken ill in  
the Navajoe country and had never entirely  
recovered. He was not at the battle of Bra-  
zito, being at that time sick in Socorro; but  
he afterwards fought with great bravery in  
the more important action at the Rio de Sa-  
cramento. His untimely death has been much  
deplored, and his loss severely felt, by all  
who knew him, and particularly by his own  
company. In his last hours of suffering he  
was very kindly and affectionately adminis-  
tered to by his brother, Lieut. Col. Congreve  
Jackson. His corpse was interred (on Sun-  
day morning the 9th) with appropriate mili-  
tary honors. Also, the priest of Mapimi in  
his robes with the bible in his hands and 3  
boys dressed in white palises, two of them  
bearing torches and the third in the centre  
with a crucifix reared upon a staff, preceded  
the bier, first to the catholic church and then  
to the grave, at both of which places the cat-  
holic ceremonies were performed.

On the 10th we made a powerful march of  
near 40 miles to San Sebastian on the Rio  
Nasas. The heat and dust were almost in-  
sufferable. Don Ignacio Jernandez, who at-  
tempted to capture the Expressmen, fled to  
the city of Durango. The Army foraged up-  
on him for the night, with the promise to pay  
him in powder and ball at sight. The Rio  
Nasas is a beautiful stream, full of fish and  
empties into the three lakes, Taguilila, Las  
Albas, and Del Alamo. During this fatiguing  
march two men—Mr. King of Lafayette, and  
a Mr. Ferguson of Saline died of sick-  
ness, heat and suffocation. They were bur-  
ied at San Sebastian. We are now at the  
mouth of the Rio Grande. We will leave  
for New Orleans to-morrow. More anon.

JOHN T. HUGHES.

Correspondence of the Tribune.

MOUTH OF THE RIO GRANDE, June 9.

MR. MILLER:

I have just returned to  
camp at the Government depot near the mouth  
of the Rio Grande from the most refreshing  
and rejuvenescent bathing in the Gulf of  
Mexico, and will forthwith proceed to give  
you additional particulars of our march from  
Chihuahua to Saltillo.

On the 11th the command marched to San  
Lorenzo, a distance of 35 miles, along a hea-  
vy, dusty road, hedged in by an immense and  
almost impervious Chapparal. The heat  
was absolutely oppressive—water scarce.  
In this thick chapparal, Canales, with a band  
of about 400 robbers, had concealed himself  
with the view of cutting off stragglers from  
our army and committing depredations upon  
our merchant and provision trains. But our  
method of marching with the Artillery and  
one Battalion in front and the other Battalion  
in rear of the trains and droves of mules an-  
ticipated his pre-meditated attack. After our  
arrival in San Lorenzo, a Mexican Courier  
came to the Col. with news that Canales  
had made an attack upon McGiffin's train of  
wagons, and that McGiffin and his lady were  
likely to fall into his hands. A detachment  
of 60 men under Lieut. Gordon was quickly  
sent to his relief. They anticipated Canales'  
movement. This little village, San Lorenzo,  
has an over portion of inhabitants. Every  
house and hut was crowded with men,  
boys, women and children. Almost every  
woman, old and gray, had a child in her arms  
and some of them more than one. Whether  
this superabundance of population is the leg-  
itimate effort of the salubrious climate, or  
be produced by some other circumstances, I  
shall leave for my readers to consider. The  
march to-day was distressingly hot and dusty.  
A Mr. Mount, of the company from  
Jackson county, straggled off in the chapparal  
and has never since been heard of—he was  
doubtless murdered and then robbed by  
lurking Mexicans.

On the 12th, early in the morning, the front  
guard charged upon, and took three Mexicans  
prisoners; they were armed and lurking in  
the mezquite chapparal near the road, and  
were doubtless spies sent out by Canales to  
obtain information of our movements, but no  
positive proof appearing against them, they  
were released. As our animals were much  
worn down by the previous day's march and  
it being impossible to procure forage for them  
we only marched 15 miles to-day to the little  
Rancho, San Juan, on a brazo or arm of the  
Rio Nasas. Here both man and horse fared  
badly. As our next day's march was to be  
over a desert region of near 40 miles with-  
out a drop of water, or even a mouthful of  
food for our furnishing animals; and also as  
the water had to be raised from a well into  
the water had to be raised from a well into  
the pools and vats at El Paso where the Army  
was to encamp on the night of the 13th, Lt.  
Pope Gordon and 15 or 20 men were sent at  
midnight in advance to draw water for the  
use of the Army. I went along as their guide,  
having travelled the same route on express  
to Saltillo. At 9 A. M. Lt. Gordon and his  
advance arrived at El Paso, where we found  
Capt. J. M. Reid, with 14 men. Capt. Reid,  
as I have elsewhere observed, had accompan-  
ied Lt. Col. Mitchell on his way to Saltillo,  
with a detachment of 79 or 80 men. Upon  
their arrival at Parais (a city where Gener-  
al Wood had taken up his headquarters before  
he formed a junction with Genl. Taylor, and  
which had been very friendly to the Ameri-  
cans, in the way of furnishing supplies and  
taking care of Genl. Wood's sick men) they  
found the inhabitants in much distress. A  
band of Camanches had just made a descent  
from the mountains upon the city and killed 8  
or 10 of the citizens, carried off 19 girls and  
boys into captivity, and driven off 300 mules  
and 200 horses. Besides this they had rob-  
bed the houses of money, blankets, and the  
sacred household gods. They brought Capt.  
Reid to interfere in their behalf; that altho'  
they were considered enemies to the Ameri-

cans, it did not become the magnanimity of  
the American soldiers to see them robbed and  
murdered by a lawless band of savages, the  
avowed enemies both of the Mexicans and  
Americans. Capt. Reid undertook to recover  
the innocent captives and chastise the brutal  
savages. This is the occasion of Capt.  
Reid's being at El Paso on the morning of the  
13th. Just as Lieut. Gordon and Capt. Reid  
joined their forces, the Indians, about 65 in  
number, made their appearance, advancing  
upon the Hacienda from a canon or pass in  
the mountains towards the South. They had  
all their spoils and captives with them. Their  
intention was to water their stock at El Paso  
and augment the number of their prisoners  
and animals. Thus boldly do the Indians in-  
vade this country. Capt. Reid concealed his  
men (about 35 in number) in the Hacienda  
and sent out Don Manuel Ybarro, a Mexi-  
can, and three or four of his servants to decoy  
the Indians to the Hacienda. The feint suc-  
ceeded. When the Indians came within half  
a mile the order was given to charge upon  
them, which was gallantly and promptly  
done. Capt. Reid, Lt. Gordon, Winston and  
Sproule were the officers present in this en-  
gagement, all of whom behaved very gallan-  
tly. The Indians fought with desperation for  
their rich spoils. Many instances of individ-  
ual prowess and daring were exhibited by  
Capt. Reid and his men, too numerous indeed  
to recount in this short letter; the Captain  
himself, in a daring charge upon the savages,  
received two severe wounds, one in the face  
and the other in the shoulder. These wounds  
were both produced by steel pointed arrows.  
The engagement lasted not less than two  
hours and was kept up hotly until the Indi-  
ans made good their retreat to the mountains.  
In this skirmish we lost none. The Indians  
lost 17 killed on the field, and not less than  
25 badly wounded, among the former was the  
Chief or Sachem. We retook in this battle,  
all the animals and spoils which the Indians  
had taken from the Mexicans and restored  
the captive boys and girls to their friends  
and relatives.

To those whose moral scruples induce  
them to doubt the propriety of Capt. Reid's  
brilliant sortie upon the Indians, I would say  
that the Camanches have rarely failed to mur-  
der and torture in the most cruel manner,  
without discrimination, all Americans who  
have unfortunately fallen into their hands.  
The Camanches are our uncompromising en-  
emies. Read the brutal treatment Mrs.  
Horne and others received from them and you  
can but justify Capt. R's conduct. In  
truth he deserves the gratitude of both Mexi-  
cans and Americans for the chastisement he  
visited upon the heads of these barbarous  
wretches. The people of Parais expressed  
their gratitude to Capt. Reid and his men in  
the following handsome and complimentary  
terms:

Letter of thanks from the people of Parais  
to Captain John W. Reid and his men after  
the battle of the Paso, translated by Captain  
David Waldo.

POLITICAL HEAD OF THE DE-  
PARTMENT OF PARAIS.

At the first notice that the Indians after  
having murdered many of our citizens and  
taken others captives, were returning to their  
homes through this vicinity, you, most gen-  
erosely and gallantly, offered, with fifteen  
of your countrymen, to combat them at the Paso,  
which you most bravely executed with cer-  
terity, skill, and heroism, and worthy of all  
anecdotum, meriting your brilliant success,  
which we shall ever commemorate. You re-  
took many animals, and other property which  
had been captured, and liberated eighteen cap-  
tives, who by your gallantry and good con-  
duct have been restored to their families and  
homes, giving you the most hearty and cor-  
dial thanks, ever feeling grateful to you as  
their liberator from a life of ignominy and  
thralldom with the deep gratitude the whole  
population of this place entertain in ever liv-  
ing thanks. One half of the Indians being  
killed in the combat and many flying badly  
wounded does not quiet the pain that all of  
us feel for the wound that you received in  
rescuing christian beings from the cruelty of  
the most inhuman of savages.

All of us ardently hope that you may soon  
recover of your wound, and though they  
know that the noblest reward of the gallant  
soldier is to have done well for his country, yet  
they cannot forego this expression of their  
gratitude.

I consider it a high honor to be the organ  
of the will in conveying to you the general  
feeling of the people of the place and I pray  
you to accept the assurance of my high re-  
spect.

God and Liberty.

DON IGNACIO ARRABE.

Parais, 18 May, 1847.

We will be in Missouri by the first of July.

All well. I am almost "froze" to see  
you, and all the folks. Good-by.

Respectfully,

JOHN T. HUGHES.

Correspondence of the Tribune.

SALT SPRING REPUBLIC, Gulf of

Mexico, June 12th, 1847.

MR. EDITOR:

On the evening of the 14th  
of May the Army reached the delightful city  
of Parais, handsomely situated at the north-  
ern base of a lofty range of mountains running  
east and west, after having performed a fa-  
tigue march of 36 miles, without one drop  
of water, and almost without seeing one sprig  
of green vegetation save the pointed magua-  
les and the bristling cactus. At Parais we found  
a plentiful supply of good water and forage  
for our perishing animals. We found Parais  
in reality, to possess whatever of charm  
the imagination has thrown around one of  
the most beautiful oases. We found a lovely Al-  
ameda to screen us from the scorching rays  
of an almost verticle sun; besides a variety of

fruits to satisfy the eager appetite. I had as  
well observe here that Parais is famous for  
its pretty women, and for the intelligence of  
its population generally, many of the citizens  
having received and English education in the  
United States. The people here are much  
inclined to favor the institutions and govern-  
ment of our country. Don Manuel Ybarro,  
the proprietor of a large Hacienda near Parais,  
was educated at Beardstown, Ky., and  
has acted a very friendly part towards the A-  
merican Troops. For his numerous acts of  
kindness towards myself and companions in  
arms I desire to return my grateful acknowl-  
edgements.

Omitting the various particulars of our  
march, which I hope to lay before the pub-  
lic at a more convenient time, I will briefly  
state that the Army reached the Encantada  
near Gen. Wool's camp on the 21st stand on the  
22d was inspected by Gen. Wool in person,  
accompanied by his staff officers. On the  
23d we marched to Wool's camp, where  
Capt. Weightman delivered up his battery to  
Capt. Washington. The Mexican cannon  
taken at the Battle of Sacramento, were per-  
mitted to retain, as trophies of our victory.  
They will be presented to the State of Mis-  
souri as the evidences of the valor, chivalry,  
and good conduct of her troops. Gen. Wool  
received us in the most flattering manner, as  
also did Genl Taylor upon our arrival at  
Monterey on the 26th. We left our sick  
men at Monterey. On the 29th we were in  
Cervato. Here the Texan Rangers execu-  
ted one of Urea's men without court-martial  
He was shot. On the 30th we encamped in  
Mier, famous for having been the place where  
the Texans capitulated to Gen. Ampudia.  
On the 31st we reached Camargo, and on the  
night of the first of June we arrived at Rey-  
nosa, where we went aboard vessels and  
reached the mouth of the Rio Grande after  
much difficulty, on the 7th. On the 9th we  
walked across to the harbor at the north end  
of the Brazos Island, where we were to take  
shipping for New Orleans. On the 10th the  
Artillery, and about 250 men went on board  
a schooner and Col. Doniphan with 700 men  
came aboard this splendid Sail Ship, REPU-  
BLIC, Capt. A. Blevin. At this moment we  
are gliding finely over the blue, liquid plains  
of the Mexican Gulf, wafted by a prosper-  
ous gale.

JUNE 15th, 1847.  
We are now in the Crescent City (New  
Orleans) awaiting our final discharge. Our  
passage across the gulf was speedy and pros-  
perous. When we came in sight of the Ba-  
lizze; when I could but just discover, through  
the mist, low in the horizon, the distant shores  
of my native country I shouted aloud in the  
pride of my heart, and Columbus-like, gave  
thanks to the beneficent Author of All Good,  
not only for our prosperous voyage, but for  
the unparalleled success of the whole cam-  
paign, not less than 3,000 miles by land and  
near the same by water.

I have the honor to subscribe myself your

Ob't Serv't,

JOHN T. HUGHES.

R. H. MILLER, Esq.

THE ADDRESS

Of the Loyal National Repeal Association to

the People of Ireland.

"FELLOW COUNTRYMEN—O'Connell is no  
more! The animating spirit of Ireland has  
passed away! The light of the nation is ex-  
tinguished! Weep and wail, and let your grief  
be without limit, O, children of Ireland for  
the cup of your affliction is full, and your  
hearts' chief joy has been stricken down.  
The bright one of Erin is removed. The  
Liberator of our country has departed! With  
a reason of sorrow it had pleased the Almight-  
y to afflict us to the uttermost. Pestilence  
and famine blight our people; and in a foreign  
country, far away from his own loved native  
land, low lies the Veteran Champion of Ire-  
land's liberties! Oh! well may we mourn  
him, for the whole human race deplore his  
loss; and the gloom of our bereavement af-  
fects the world. Fellow-countrymen, how  
shall we best prove that we love him whilst  
living, or mourn for him when dead? By re-  
verencing his principles—by obeying his dic-  
tates—by pursuing the same noble objects in  
the peaceful steps he trod. In one sense—  
in the true sense—O'Connell is not dead!  
Men like unto him can never die. All that  
was mortal has passed away, but the immor-  
tal part remains. His spirit, fellow-country-  
men, abides with you. His moral teachings  
are spread forever through you, and through  
the universe. No time can extinguish the  
lessons of his wisdom. For ourselves, as-  
sociated as we were here by him, our pur-  
pose is determined, to stand by his principles  
and to abide by his doctrines, and them alone.  
This is our fixed and unanimous resolve.  
Throughout the wide world a mighty voice is  
felt: Who shall fill it up?—What nation—  
what people has not lost a benefactor? Our  
country has lost its guide and leader. Oh!  
let the country still be directed by his wis-  
dom, and be marshalled beneath his standard.  
His paths were the paths of peace. He  
walked in the ways of the law and of order.  
Remember, still remember, his motto of the  
Association—the moral of his wisdom and ex-  
perience—"The man who commits a crime  
gives strength to the enemy."

By his long and faithful services, by the  
noble example of his life, by the glory of his  
immortal name, we beseech, we implore you  
—fellow-countrymen—serve not from the  
principles, desert not the objects, nor aban-  
don the doctrines of O'Connell!

Signed by order,

CORNELIUS MACLOGLHLIN,

"Ch'n of the meeting."

"T. M. RAY, Sec'y."

In Turkey it is necessary to obtain the

permission of a magistrate before one can

have a tooth pulled.

TO MARY.

Oh! would I were a soldier knight,  
With plume and warrior shields,  
Returning on a snow white steed  
From glory's well won field;  
And would that courtly ladies thronged  
To greet my coming home,  
That thou wert one amongst the rest  
Within the royal dome.

Low at thy feet the victor's wreath  
To lay, I would advance,  
And prove, my love, thy matchlessness,  
With truncheon, sword, and lance,

Oh! would I were a mighty king,  
And thou a village maid,  
I'd cast my sceptre from me,  
And go woo thee in the shade!  
I'd cast from me my gorgeous robes,  
I'd lay my crown aside,  
And dress myself in shepherd's guise  
To win thee for a bride.

Then would I place thee on a throne—  
My jewelled diadem  
Should glitter on thy brow of snow,  
Thou'dst be a nation's gem.

Oh! would I were a spirit

From the fadeless bowers above,  
With power o'er every earthly thing,  
And heart alive to love,  
I would leave those blessed regions,  
And descend to earth and take  
The semblance of the human form,  
Dear Mary, for thy sake!

I would woo thee till I'd win thee,  
Then I'd press thee to my heart,  
Till of my immortality  
Thou wouldst become a part.

And when this earth should pass away,  
In that bright land of endless bliss,  
And never from the realm

But, Mary, I'm no "gallant knight!"—

No "mighty monarch"—I'm

No "spirit of eternity!"—

From yon celestial clime;

I'm one of those whom poetry,  
Hath smiled upon at birth,

In pity for the woes that wait  
His wanderings on earth!

I'm one whose heart is like the harp;

The minstrel loves to wake;

Which, while it breathes its truest tones,  
Its chords, perchance, may break!

I'm one who is faithfully alive,

To woman's witching power—

Who deems love—kind—and purity,  
Her best—her richest dower!

A SHORT PATENT SERMON.

BY DOW, JR.

My text this morning is contained in these

words:

How solveless is woman!

How tender is woman!

How loving is woman!

How child-like is woman!

My hearers—sure enough, how solveless is

woman!—She is an unguessable riddle—a

most intricate enigma; a flower which, by a-

nalizing, no one can tell to a certainty, whether

it be poisonous or innocuous—not always.

She has been with man from the beginning,

and hasn't found her out yet. She is com-  
paratively an unexplored country—al-  
phabetic orthography—a magnetism mystery. Nobody

knows what her heart contains. Sometimes

it seems stuffed with love, tenderness and

sympathy; and at others filled with nothing

but grit and gravel. It won't answer to shake

her, if you do you cause the acids and the

alkalies in her nature to come in contact; and

then such an effervescence takes place as

might lower the ambition of pearl and ci-  
der. Like the month of April she is all sunshine

and flowers. Many a tear drop of hers dries

and evaporates in the warm light of a smile

er it has chance to fall, and many a bright

smile is suddenly quenched by a sprinkle from

some passing cloud of sorrow about the size

of a blanket. Grief bubbles up from her bosom

to burst in an atmosphere of joy, and joys,

like autumnal flowers spring from the warm

beds of her heart to be out down by the sudden

frost of grief. A queer compound is woman!

She is made up of modesty, boldness, beauty,

silks, satins, jealousy, love, hatred, horse hair,

whalebone, jetty, paint, gaiety, gun-clastic,

bears grease, sympathy,—tears, smiles, affec-  
tions, and kindness.—She talks with her

tongue, speaks with her eyes, is eloquent in  
actions, and yet I can't understand her.

My friends—how tender is woman! She

is as tender as a chicken, and tough as an old

gobbler. She must be screened from the hot

summer's sun, sheltered from storms, and pro-  
tected from the blasts of winter,—and yet, if

she makes up her mind to it, she can out-  
sweat the sun, face a north-easter, and be a

match for the devil. But inwardly she is ten-  
der as the mercies of heaven her heart is as

soft as the down of a dove, and as sensitive as  
a cat's paw. Her sympathies are as delicate  
as the down under an angel's wings, and  
her love appears as fresh and unfading  
amid the sorrows of adversity, as the ever-  
green wreath that encircled the bald brow of  
old Winter. Her tenderness is too tough to  
be destroyed by whatever chance, fortune  
or time may bring; as tough as tripe, and  
twice as common.

My dear friends—how lofty is woman! No  
matter whether she is in a cellar, she can  
sometimes be as lofty as a garret. When she  
looks out her back up, O cats and broomsticks  
look out for yourselves! She is as high as  
Olympus, and as savage as a sausage machine.  
If her wrath she is as crazy as a bed bug, as  
strong as a tiger and as terrible as a tornado.  
She can blaze away as though hell heaven  
and earth were coming to close quarters; but  
in a few moments it is all over—nobody killed.  
Then she comes down from the moun-  
tains, whence she has been rolling big stones  
upon people below—softens down to a jelly,  
and becomes quiescent as a goose-pond after  
a tempest. The breeches won't fit—she must  
resume the petticoat, and be a woman after  
all.

My hearers—how loving is woman! Aye,

she is amazingly sticky in her attachments.  
She will cling to the chosen object of her heart  
like a possum to a gum tree